

THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE.

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ADDRESSES, KENTUCKY, Ind.—Addresses will be changed on order. But each subscriber should send us the old as well as the new address. In forwarding, subscribers should be careful to send us the label on the last paper received, and specify any corrections or changes they desire made in name or address.

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THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE.

WASHINGTON, D. C., SEPTEMBER 11, 1884.

To any person who will send us a club of ten new subscribers to THE TRIBUNE we will present a new Waterbury watch, inclosed in a handsome satin-lined case, and warranted to keep accurate time.



THIS IS THE BEST WATCH FOR BICYCLISTS.

Young Bicyclist: "Let me advise you never to carry anything but a Waterbury watch. It'll stand a racket without getting hurt that would ruin any other watch. Lord, the 'heads' I used to take when I was learning! Sometimes, it seemed to me, I fell with my whole weight right square on the watch, but it never failed it. There, you see, the case's denting up like everything by the falls we've had, but it's never cost me a cent for repairs since I got it from THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE for raising a club of 10 subscribers."

THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE COSTS ONLY TWO CENTS A WEEK.

THIS WEEK'S PAPER.

This week Howard tells very graphically of the movements preliminary to the grand assault on Missionary Ridge, and makes a valuable and instructive comparison of Grant and Sherman. Illustrated with a pleasant little picture of the meeting of these two great commanders. "Carleton" carries the movement against Fredericksburg a little further, and outlines with a few strong sweeps of the pen the beginning of that series of disasters in the ill-delivered assault of Franklin's Grand Division on the left. A relief to this mournful story is given by Prof. C. A. Hobbs's account of the landing on Matanzas Island and the campaign which followed against Fort Espinosa and Indurina, where the fun and frolic greatly outweighed the bloodshed. In "Fighting Them Over" we have very interesting discussions of the battles at Champion's Hill and Moscow, and other incidents of the war which have come to the surface in these columns recently. The editorial, G. A. R., "Household," "Answers to Correspondents," "Agricultural Topics," and "News of the Week" are all well-prepared and of special interest.

The National Tribune is only Two Cents a Week.

THERE IS NOTHING SO EASY

as to get a new subscriber or a club of new subscribers to THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE, if one only sets about it. Every one has heard of the paper, and everybody is well-disposed to it, for its praises are in every mouth. Consequently, people are only waiting to be asked to take it. Now, reader, you certainly are willing to oblige, to make the return to a paper that you have enjoyed so much, by asking others to enjoy it with you. No one can refuse to subscribe for it on the score of expense, for

The National Tribune Costs Only Two Cents a Week.

WITH 200,000 SUBSCRIBERS

THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE will speak every week to ONE MILLION READERS—old soldiers, their families and friends. Such a backing as this will make the paper the leading power in the journalism of the country, and such measures as it advocates for the benefit of the soldiers will not fail to pass. Every soldier who is anxious for legislation which will do justice to himself and comrades should leave no stone unturned to bring all the soldiers and their friends in the circle of his acquaintance into THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE fold.

The National Tribune Costs Only Two Cents a Week.

TWO CENTS

buys THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE for a week. Where else can you get so much that is good for the money?

SHAMEFUL AND CRUEL.

The unutterably long and dreary waiting which every pension applicant is compelled to endure is unnecessary and senseless.

It is rare good luck for any old soldier—not matter how well made up his record and clear his claim—to secure an allowance of pension under two years, and frequently the cases are pending for eight, nine, and even 12 years.

There can be few more painful spectacles than that of an old soldier, whose lusty young manhood has been sapped by the hardships and strains of field and battle or the starvation of prison pens, awaiting month after month and year after year for the well-earned allowance which is to provide himself and dependent family with the commonest needs of life.

As a rule he has refrained from asking for a pension as long as he was able to make a fair show of bodily activity. So long as the natural forces of life and youth have been able to dominate the debilitation of wounds received in battle or the weakening of diseases contracted in the lowlands of Virginia or the swamps of the Mississippi, he has struggled on without a thought of asking anything from the Government he saved. It is only when advancing years give these old shocks and strains of the body the upper hand of his vigor that he turns to the country for an ally in the unequal struggle for bread for himself and those dependent upon him.

It is this which makes these unaccountable delays so cruel. It would not be so bad were he yet a young man with an indefinite lease of life, and with a vigor that may temporarily conquer his bodily afflictions and ailments. Twenty or even 10 years ago a pension applicant might afford to wait two or three years for the allowance of his claim. He cannot do so now, when as a rule he is nearer 50 than 40 years of age, and can reasonably expect to live but a few years at best.

The men who fought the war through are dying at the rate of 3,000 a month or 36,000 a year. Every year sees a good, strong army of them swept off by the Grim Reaper, and among these are many thousands whose applications have been pending for years for a relief which never came, to comfort and alleviate their last pain-stricken days. Every month hundreds die who have well earned a pension, and who needed it sorely, but could not get it because of the interminable obstacles thrown in the way of obtaining their just dues.

It is absurd on the very face of it to take as long as it did to put down the rebellion to ascertain whether a man is entitled to a pension. There is no such obscurity or difficulty connected with any claim that will for a moment justify such delay. It ought not to take as many months as it now does years to find out whether a man has a just claim upon the Government. That three or four years are on the average consumed in ascertaining the rightfulness of a claim is a proof of either ridiculously incompetent methods or willful attempts to obstruct the doing of justice to the most deserving class of men who live beneath the shadow of the flag.

This sort of thing should be made to end, and that at once.

The inhumanity of quibbling and paltering with men tottering on the verge of the grave and denying them their blood-bought dues until the coffin closes over them is unendurable, and becoming more so each year makes the prompt relief of these men more imperative.

The most pressing duty before Congress at the coming session is such an amendment of the pension laws and the methods of procedure in pension cases as will combine the recommendations of the Pension Committee of the G. A. R. Those recommendations are right and just, and the first requirements of honor and gratitude require their immediate adoption.

62 A MONTH FOR A SOLDIER'S ORPHAN.

Just think of it! Think for so much as a minute of the "Manifest provision," "Lavish generosity," "Fatherly care."

Of this great, glorious, wealthy and prosperous Nation toward the Bereaved orphans, Fatherless children, Homeless little babies

Of the men who gave up their lives that the Nation might live, Its people become rich, Enjoy peace by their own firesides, Their bonds be at par, and Their money equal to gold.

Two dollars each a month for the children of the men who

Fell on the bloody slopes of Marjoe's Heights; Sank down amid the flaming thickets of the Wilderness; Perished by the dark waters of Chickamauga Creek;

Bleed and starved at Andersonville and Salisbury! Fifty cents a week to buy the little ones Bread and meat,

Clothes, shoes and stockings, School-books and toys, Medicines and recreations!

Seven cents a day for the child whose father gave everything to the people who now Squeeze, Pinch, Screw over every

Petty, Miserable, Insolent, Red Cent that they dole out to these heirs and wards of the Nation!

Is this the Anglo-Saxon, American, Nineteenth-century idea Of generosity? Of gratitude? Of "manifest provision for the orphans of him who has borne the battle?"

A NEW RECRUIT

to the Grand Army and a new subscriber to THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE are two things that every comrade should charge himself with procuring before the week is over. Neither will require any trouble. They only need so much effort as the mentioning of them to the proper persons.

"DYING AT THE TOP."

"I shall die, too, at the top," said Dean Swift in mournful prophecy as he gazed at some trees whose rotting branches stood up above a mass of green leaves.

The announcement that a conservator has been appointed for the estate of Wilbur F. Storey, of the Chicago Times, tells how a man who has filled an immense space in American journalism has been for many years "dying at the top."

W. F. Storey went to Chicago from Detroit several years before the war. He had been editor of a paper at Jackson, Mich., and afterward of the Detroit Free Press. He became owner of the Chicago Times, the Democratic organ of the Northwest, and speedily made it a power in the land. It was not a very pleasant power, for Storey was bitterly aggressive and sensational, if not absolutely unscrupulous.

He cared for nothing except attracting attention to his paper and making it sell. Private character, reputation and domestic happiness were nothing so long as he made a paper that people would go out of their way to hunt up and buy. It was an era of journalism when that sort of thing succeeded better than it does in these more decent and honorable days. Fortunately, we have no papers to-day at all approaching what the Chicago Times was from 1860 to 1875. Such a paper would hardly live or be permitted to live.

During the war the Times was so extreme in its Copperheadism that the authorities ordered its suppression, but the order was revoked 24 hours later.

Little as one may like the methods by which Storey built up his paper, it must be admitted that he showed wonderful courage, industry, perseverance and journalistic ability. His life was continually threatened by those whom he exposed or slandered, personal assaults on him were frequent, and libel suits with heavy damages of common occurrence.

Thus, for more than a score of years this grim, sardonic old man—a journalistic Ishmael, whose hand was against every man's, fought his bitter fight against a whole community and won. His paper was read all over the West—though it was carefully excluded from most homes—became a magnificent property, the value of which, even now, is estimated by the courts at \$750,000.

Up until 1871 the position of the Times as the organ of the Democracy of Illinois was recognized by keeping Storey at the head of the Democratic State Committee. In that year he was deposed and C. H. McCormick, the great reaper-man, elected in his place. Storey immediately withdrew from the party, and made the Times an Independent paper, which it has remained ever since.

Storey's union with his second wife was somewhat irregular, but she seemed to be the one of all the world that the sardonic, stern, cynical old man loved—even cared sincerely for, and her death a few years ago drove him almost wild. He filled whole pages of the Times with virulent abuse of the family physician who attended her through her last illness. The physician was at last stung into retorting that things connected with Mrs. Storey's early life had made her cure impossible.

But deeply as he mourned her, Storey was not long in looking around for a successor, and within a year after her death he married the young lady for whom he has been building a mansion so magnificent that it has been called "Storey's folly," and who will be the owner of the Chicago Times when death releases the present owner from the mental decay which has sunk a once commanding intellect into piteous weakness.

THE HOOKING VALLEY WAR.

The mining troubles in the Hooking Valley are of much more serious character than is customary in strikes and other forms of labor and wage disputes. Both sides present strong arguments and appeal to the bar of public opinion for justification. In the first place, there are unusually thick veins of coal in the Hooking Valley region, which admit of the miners standing up to their work, and so accomplishing a great deal more than they can in the narrow veins, where they have to work in a bent position and spend much more time in digging away the rocks and clay on the sides of the veins in order to get room enough to work at all. The Columbus & Hooking Valley Company, which is a powerful organization, with several million dollars capital, complains that the Iron-clad Miner's Union would allow them and the public no benefit of these great advantages, but insisted on the same price per ton as in the poor, thin veins. The company resolved to force a way to break the Union, and so got ready a quantity of mining machines, and made arrangements for laborers to work them, and then ordered such a reduction of wages as must certainly produce a strike, which it did. As soon as the men went out of the mines the company put in the machines and the green men, with a certain proportion of skilled men, called "bank bosses," to superintend them. As the coal business has been very dull, it was thought that things could be got along with until the green men became sufficiently expert in the use of the machines and all the coal wanted could be produced.

On the other hand, the old miners, who had been brought to the valley by the company under a tacit agreement of steady employment, and who had established themselves in homes, with their children at school, were dismayed at the turn things took, and began active aggressions against the men who were taking the employment away from them and support from their families.

There has been a great deal of marching of militia, constabulary and strikers, and much shooting; but, so far, only one man has been killed and a half dozen or so wounded. The country is thoroughly excited; people have taken sides strongly, and the Governor of Ohio, who has responded to the demand for troops to protect life and property, is at his wit's end to steer his way through the tempestuous waters as to avoid any disastrous influence upon the coming election.

HINDU WHEAT COMPETITION.

There is no concealment of the fact that India threatens to become a dangerous competitor of our wheat-growers. The country has an area of 519,000 square miles, or about one-quarter that of the United States, and a population of 222,000,000, or five times that of ours. A laborer there gets five rupees, or \$2 a month. Two crops a year can be raised in many places, and all over India a crop of

wheat and vegetables can be raised each year. It will be a small trick for these 222,000,000 people to raise on their 519,000 square miles the 100,000,000 bushels of wheat which England annually buys of us. The English want then to do it, because they are dependents of Britain, and every pound sterling paid them for wheat will be taken back to England in payment for English manufactures. The reason why this growth of wheat has not been encouraged heretofore was that there were no railroads to bring it out of the interior, and until the completion of the Suez Canal the long voyage around the Cape of Good Hope was a great obstacle. Now there are plenty of railroads, and the sea carriage is not half what it once was.

The way for our farmers to meet the competition from this new source is by making every effort to extend the home market. Even with our bonanza farms and labor-saving machinery it will probably be pretty up-hill work to sell wheat in London in competition with grain grown by men who work for eight cents a day.

But if we can add a few million more to our wheat-eaters we can sell to them our surplus wheat at the price it will bring in London, plus the cost of carrying it thither, and buy from them the goods they make at the price in England, without having to pay the freight across the ocean.

So, with grain bringing more and goods selling for less, the farmers will be enriched in every way by the development of a home market.

THE DISMAL SWAMP.

The romantic Dismal Swamp, whose gloom and mystery have been celebrated so often in verse and prose, has lost about all the fascinating attractiveness which it had a quarter of a century ago. Its waters are not so malariously deadly nor do desperate men lurk within its impenetrable recesses—fugitives from justice or slavery, robbers, or marauders, watching an opportunity to plunder men and carry off women. It is now regarded mainly as a source of juniper—or white cedar—for shingles, tubs, pails, and "arms" for telegraph poles. The largest firm in the Swamp—John F. Royer & Co., employs about 400 hands—100 in the swamp, 300 in the Swamp getting out timber—to whom it pays an average of \$1 a day for laborers and from \$1.50 to \$2 for mechanics, who cut down and work up an enormous quantity of timber every year, which is sent to New York and Boston. As a rule the timber cut off is allowed to grow up again. It takes about 15 years for a juniper tree to grow. The second growth is not quite so good as the first, being a little more sappy and soggy. In many places, where the land would admit of it, it has been drained and fine farms produced. On one of these, owned by Mr. Lindsay, of Norfolk, 10,000 bushels of corn are raised every year.

The people employed in the Swamp do not suffer from malarious diseases. There are villages which are as healthy as any part of the country.

CHAMPION'S HILL.

To THE EDITOR: Comrade J. B. Harris, of the 34th Ind., fixes the date of the battle of Champion's Hill, Miss., on June 18, 1863. My company roll says May 16, 1863. And he says that Gen. Logan's command was not in the battle. If it was June 18, 1863, we were not there, but if it was May 16, 1863, we were. Please answer through THE TRIBUNE which date is right.—M. S. EARLAND, Co. I, 31st Ind.

The battle of Champion's Hill was fought on the 16th of May. There was no engagement there on the 18th of June, as the army was at that time in the trenches around Vicksburg. The brunt of the battle was borne by Hovey's, Crocker's and Logan's commands, as the following table of the losses will show:

ONLY REIMBURSEMENTS.

Suppose that a man does now receive a pension of a few dollars a month during the last years of his life.

At best that is only a partial repayment of the sum actually due him from the Government according to a fair construction of the contract with him. He gave three years of his life to the Government at a pay which, reduced to a gold basis, did not exceed \$8 per month. Had he not been in the service he would have earned from double to sextuple that. There were very few who entered the army that did not make large pecuniary sacrifice in doing so. No man who was any account as a soldier received anything like the pay in the army that he could have got in civil employment.

At best he can receive his pension but a few years.

It is now 19 years since the war ended, and the men who fought it through are all the way from 40 to 65 years old. The great majority of them are much nearer 50 than 40. When we add to this the injury done the vital powers by the wounds, strains and hardships of the terrible campaigns which characterized our war, the bodily deterioration that followed imprisonment, we have to add from 10 to 20 years to the age of every man who served a full term of enlistment. This makes the expectation of life very short indeed in those whose systems are so run down that they pass the rigorous examination of the Surgeons of the Pension Bureau. If we deduct still farther the weary years of waiting that nearly every one of them passes before his pension is allowed, the amount received by the average pensioner is wretchedly out of proportion to his services and sacrifices to the country.

THE PENSION SHRIEKERS.

As a rule the less sacrificed a man has ever made for his principles, the more disposed he is to howl against recognizing a sacrifice by anybody else.

The less likelihood that he would put himself in peril for his country, the more ready he is to decry the men who did put themselves in peril.

The more he is wrapt up in his own selfishness, the more he disbelieves in anybody else's selfishness.

If he is a man whom horses could not have dragged on to the skirmish line, he is dead sure to be a shrieker about "pension enormities," "pension enormities," "depleting the Treasury for voracious pension-shriekers," etc.

These are rules that are pretty near infallible. Try them on the next pension-shrieker you see.

THE LIFE OF LOGAN.

During the past week we have received by every mail orders for the "Life of Gen. John A. Logan," and applications for agencies. Also, by every mail have come the warmest commendations of the book, as a book, and pleasant reports by agents of their success in selling it. It makes an exceedingly pleasant variation of the round of farm or household occupations to take a vacation of a week or two among one's neighbors, sell them a book that they all want, and make money enough for a nice little nest-egg.

PARTICULAR NOTICE.

Once more we must say to our correspondents that they only waste their time in writing anonymous letters to us, or those written on both sides of the paper. The first we will not use under any circumstances; the next we cannot use. They have to be re-written before being given to the printers, and this a trouble and expense our correspondents have no right to put us to.

DO YOU WANT TO ESCAPE?

Do you want to escape for a few weeks from the monotonous routine of household, farm, or office duties? Send to THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE for an agency for the sale of "The Life of Logan." You will make money, and have an agreeable variation in your life at the same time.

STEADILY INCREASING.

THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE'S circulation is ever onward and upward. For a man to know anything about the paper is an incentive for him to take it. The more subscribers that it has the more rapidly its circulation increases, for each of them becomes an advertiser of its merits.

COMPARATIVELY few people know that such a town as Pithole ever existed in Northwestern Pennsylvania, and yet in the Fall of 1865 it was a flourishing place of some 30,000 people. To-day nothing remains of the place but the ruins of a hotel and part of a log house. Early in that year the United States Petroleum Company, composed of J. Nelson Tappan, of New York, and others, began prospecting for oil in that region, and before Midsummer struck many rich wells. Then the rush began. The war was just over and thousands of men, eager for excitement and with plenty of money, flocked to the place from all parts of the world. Adventurers, speculators, miners, oil producers and even Indians flocked each in the mad search for wealth. For five months this feverish excitement went on. Law was disregarded as much as in the wildest Western Territory. Then a better state of affairs commenced. Large hotels were built, banks were established, newspapers started, and a city council was formed. But the town held up scarcely a year when the wells ceased throwing up their treasure and the town began to fall rapidly, and now grown up with brush and weeds, it is no easy matter to locate the place which was but a short time ago the scene of such wealth and business enterprise.

SECRETARY LINCOLN's order directing Sergts. Brainerd and Long and Private Connel, survivors of the Greely Arctic expedition to report at once to Portsmouth, N. H., and return for duty, will meet the approval of every citizen who has the honor of the Nation at heart. These men, it will be remembered, were given a verbal leave of absence after they had recovered from the privations of their arctic journey sufficiently to travel, and they took an advantage of the same which was never for a moment contemplated by the War Department, by engaging themselves to the manager of a dime museum at Cleveland, O., and exhibited themselves for 10 cents a head. It is reported that the three men were to be paid \$1,000 a week for posing before the patrons of the museum, and while sympathy may be felt for the poor fellows that their dream of wealth was thus rudely dispelled, no right-thinking person will for an instant do otherwise than applaud the Secretary of War for putting a stop to that which was at once a disgrace to Sergts. Brainerd and Long and Private Connel, the army and the people of the United States.

MAJ. C. M. WHITNEY, Collector of St. Louis, Mo., has incurred the wrath of the old soldiers of that city by persistently ignoring their recommendations. They united in urging Capt. La Tourette, who lost an arm in the war, for the position of Chief Janitor. Maj. Whitney gave the place to his own brother. For assistant janitors, who get \$50 a month, the G. A. R. and the Pensioners' Benevolent Union, of the city, recommended the following:

Henry Schmidt, widow in leg, \$8 pension; family of four children; making wages now of \$4 a week. Charles A. Louch, pension \$8; leg wound; tending a fruit stand at present. Abraham Tuckler, pension \$18; part of jaw gone; large family; politics notions. David Walker, pensioner of Mexican and civil wars; pension \$4; leg wound; large family; widows now \$4 a week. Philip Marans, wounded in both legs; three children; doing nothing.

Of these not one was appointed, but, instead, Maj. Whitney filled the places with ward bosses and strikers, who claim to be of use in a political way. The thing is shameful, and Maj. Whitney deserves the strongest reprobation.

In spite of the unusually hot weather for the second week in September, there was a very gratifying show of activity in all departments of business, and prices generally made an advance. This was more noticeable in wheat, oil and corn, in all which strong advances were made, followed by a falling off. Wheat closed 11 cents lower than the week before, and the bears are now talking of 70 cents a bushel at Chicago. There hardly seemed any reason for the heavy advance in the price of corn—5 cents on September deliveries and a 31 on October—because all reports concur in making the crop an enormous one, and the hot weather was just the thing to secure the largest yield. Pork dropped 75 cents a barrel, and lard 18 cents per cwt., the decline being due to the recent corner, as well as the splendid crop. Cotton fell off 6 cents per cwt. Oil ran up to 92 cents a barrel, but afterward fell off to 88. Iron, steel and their products advanced slightly, and several important factories resumed work.

THE old thought intrudes itself that there must come an end to all Remonians. For many years the men who made the memorable defense of Baltimore against the British have met each year in that city on the 12th of September—the anniversary of the battle of North Point—formed into line to the sound of life and drum, each one wearing a cockade and

a bit of crape on his left arm. They first marched around the Battle Monument, with uncovered heads, in memory of their fallen comrades, after which they attended divine service, and then sat down to a banquet provided for them at the expense of the city of Baltimore. "Old Defenders' Day" was a great occasion in Baltimore each year. The celebration began in 1842, when there were some 1,232 members. This year not five could be found, and the celebration had to be abandoned, much to the regret of the Baltimoreans.

THE Washington Herald, the organ of the Regular Army and Navy, coincides with the views expressed by us in regard to the Greely sensation, and says very forcibly:

These men should be justified by the whole country as well as on account, no matter by what means they preserved life, even if they were driven by starvation to such an awful means of subsistence. And was it more horrible for them than for any one else? It is certainly blood-curdling to hear it mentioned, and the actual deed must be a fearful retribution in itself. These men who placed themselves in such a position of hardship and toil for the benefit of the many who sit in comfort by their firesides, and thus cry out against them on their return, when all should be rejoicing at the reunion of those who had feared never to meet again, who had dragged through weeks and months until scarcely a remnant of life remained, who would not have despaired? It must have been a very plucky and courageous spirit who kept alive a single spark of hope, or retained a wish to live amid those dire misfortunes.

THE fact that inoculation with the cholera bacillus has not communicated the disease to animals so treated has been used as an argument against Dr. Koch's claim that the comma-shaped bacillus discovered by him is the cause of the cholera. Dr. Koch, however, has made a plausible answer to the objection by asserting that none of the lower animals have ever suffered from the disease. If this be true, and Dr. Koch would hardly make so positive an assertion in regard to the exemption of the lower animals unless he was sure of his ground, the only argument against the bacillus theory falls through.

THE monument at Yorktown, "adorned with emblems of the alliance between the United States and His Most Christian Majesty, and inscribed with a succinct narrative of the surrender of Earl Cornwallis to His Excellency George Washington, Commander-in-Chief of the combined forces of America and France," the cornerstone of which was laid with appropriate ceremonies on the occasion of the Centennial Celebration, Oct. 19, 1881,—has been completed, and will be unveiled on the 19th of next October, the 103rd anniversary of the surrender of Cornwallis.

FOR A MAN who has done so much good work in the world Henry Bergh can make a terrible mummy of himself. He has written a letter to Paris denouncing M. Pasteur as a "Jenner of France, who now crawls to the earth's surface and begins the dead-like and disgusting work of polluting the bodies and flesh of the lower animals." Mr. Bergh is now getting so old as to make this tendency to spasmodic idiocy beyond hope of cure.

FRANCE demands of China an indemnity of \$10,000,000, or \$1,000,000 more than we received from England on account of the Alabama Claims. The only excuse France makes for this is that the Chinese made an unauthorized attack upon the French troops at Langson, which, as the French were at that time engaged in an unfriendly movement, is a very thin pretext indeed.

QUITE a number of inquiries have been made to us in regard to an allowance of three months extra pay to those who were prisoners of war. Such an allowance was made by a General Order of the War Department in June, 1865, but subsequently it was discovered to be without authority of law and rescinded. Consequently, no one is entitled to any pay under that order.

There cannot help being something radically wrong somewhere when it takes three or four years to examine into and allow a claim for a pension. Such delay shows either shocking incompetence or lack of business capacity on the part of the pension authorities, or a system of circumlocution and how-not-to-do-it, which calls loudly for reform.

We continue to receive a large number of anonymous letters. Subscribers and patrons simply waste their time writing these, as they invariably go into the waste-basket. Our space is entirely too valuable to print what a man does not think worth while signing his name to.

THE number of pension certificates issued and signed during the week ending Sept. 8, 1884, were as follows: Original, 470; increases, 502; re-issue, 41; restoration, 21; duplicate, 0; aged pensions, 0; total, 1,034.

THE Havana police have not been paid since last May. They complain that the Summer has been exceedingly dull and uninteresting.

TRIBUNETS.

To read the French papers one would think that the lives of the people over there are devoted to violations of the Seventh Commandment and to sharp devices for saving money. The jokes on the national singleness are about as numerous as those on national ineptitude. For instance, a Paris paper says that a nutcracker was reading the will of a wealthy gentleman to his heir. Presently the nutcracker comes to the clause: "I bequeath to the servant that shall close my eyes 100 francs." "Hi! hello, there!" says the heir; "just read that again, and you will see very broad and fat." "That's 100 francs saved, anyhow," says the heir; "unlike old one-eyed! Got the faithful domestic that time, didn't I?"

There are still other propositions to supply the English language with a singular pronoun that will stand for both genders. We mentioned, a few weeks ago, how "thou" was urged by a writer in the Critic and "hesh," "hier," and "hine" had been urged by another grammarian for "he" or "she," "his" or "hers," and "him" or "her." Now, a 31 on October—because all reports concur in making the crop an enormous one, and the hot weather was just the thing to secure the largest yield. Pork dropped 75 cents a barrel, and lard 18 cents per cwt., the decline being due to the recent corner, as well as the splendid crop. Cotton fell off 6 cents per cwt. Oil ran up to 92 cents a barrel, but afterward fell off to 88. Iron, steel and their products advanced slightly, and several important factories resumed work.

THE old thought intrudes itself that there must come an end to all Remonians. For many years the men who made the memorable defense of Baltimore against the British have met each year in that city on the 12th of September—the anniversary of the battle of North Point—formed into line to the sound of life and drum, each one wearing a cockade and

can be no doubt that Mr. Vanderbilt will soon be in comfortable circumstances. A knowledge of horse has enabled many a man to keep the wolf from the door.

A New York manager is trying the experiment of women waiters. They are dressed in white aprons. So far the experiment is a success, and the severely innocent look which they put on their having booked him to the house," remarked the manager. "Bachelors do, and some of them do their own housekeeping."

"They ought to be pitted," said Jennie's brother,